

Hand Of God - Outro

[Jon Bellion](#)

My head spins and I've been sipping
I've been sipping, I've been sipping lately
All my sins, I've been tripping, I've been tripping, my God
Brand new life, I've been looking
I've been looking, I've been looking lately
All these nights, they've been cooking
They've been cooking me raw I am just a man, I am just a man
Who lusts, gives, tries
Sometimes I lose my way Tears at a funeral, tears at a funeral, I might break
Angry at all the things, angry at all the things I can't change
When you're lost in the universe, lost in the universe
Don't lose faith
My mother says, "Your whole life's in the hand of God" Break it down
Your whole life's in the hand of
Your whole life's in the hand of God My ex girl, I've been seeing, I've been seeing
I've been seeing lately
She's got hope that we're getting back together, my God
I just know that I'm horny and I'm lonely, just admit it's crazy
She just holds on to something that she knows is long gone
Damn... I am just a man, I am just a man
Who lusts, gives, tries
Sometimes I lose my way Tears at a funeral, tears at a funeral, I might break
Angry at all the things, angry at all the things I can't change
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Your whole life's in the hand of God Tears at a funeral, tears at a funeral, I might break
Angry at all the things, angry at all the things I can't change
When you're lost in the universe, lost in the universe
Don't lose faith
My mother says, "Your whole life's in the hand of God"
Nothing has changed, he is the same
"Your whole life's in the hand of God"
Nothing has changed, he is the same
"Your whole life's in the hand of God"
Nothing has changed, he is the same Bum be-dum, bum bum badum, bum be-dum, bum bum badum
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Bum be-dum, bum bum badum, bum be-dum, bum bum badum

Your whole life's in the hand of God
Tears at a funeral, tears at a funeral, I might break
Angry at all the things, angry at all the things I can't change
When you're lost in the universe, lost in the universe
Don't lose faith
My mother says, "Your whole life's in the hand of God"
Tears at a funeral, tears at a funeral, I might break
Just like the 80s films
We'll hook up in the back seat and let my best friend drive
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Overwhelming
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Overwhelming
Low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low
Your whole life's in the hand of God
Bring me down in Brooklyn if I lose my life
Low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Push me down the Hudson and turn on the radio
Low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Long Island's only smiling cause my soul is fine
Bum be-dum, bum bum badum, bum be-dum, bum bum badum
Nothing has changed, he is the same
Bum be-dum, bum bum badum
I did everything for New York

Songwriters

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